In the maine battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I on my tent this morning. *him a paper.*

Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

King. A thing deuised by the enemie,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde as first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, swords our lawe.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too it pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to hell. *His Oration*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, *to his armie.*
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A sort of vagabonds, Rascols and runawaies,
A scum of Brittaines, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their orecloyed countrey vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltrey fellow?
Long kept in Brittaine at our mothers cost,
A milkesope, one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues,
Who but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard Brittaines whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enioy our lands, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare their drum,

Right

Right Gentlemen of *England* fight
Draw *Archers* draw, your arrowes
Spur your proud horses hard, and
Amaze the welkin with your brol
What saies Lord *Stanley*, will he bri
Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to
King. Off with his sonne *George*
Nor. My Lord, the enemie is pas
After the battaile, let *George Stanley*
King. A thousand hearts are gre
Aduance our standards, set vpon o
Our ancient word of courage faire
Inspire vs with the spleene of fierie
Vpon them, victorie sits on our he

Alarum, excursions, Enter

Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolk*
The King enacts more wonders th
Daring an opposite to euery dang
His horse is slaine, and all on foot
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is
King. A horse, a horse, my King
Cat. Withdraw my Lord, ile he
King. Slaue I haue set my life v
And I will stand the hazard of the
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of
A horse, a horse, my kingdome for

Alarum, Enter Richard & Richmond
then retrait being sounded. Enter R
Crowne, with other Lords.

Rich. God and your armes be p
The day is ours the bloudie dog is
Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, well
Loe heere this long vsurped royalt
From the dead temples of this bloo
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy bro
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of heauen say

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)